And, Indeed, They Quite Discount Him Freddy Gebhard Saw Her Off on the Startling Factor in Executions by in Imagination.

Another Chapter of Remarkable He Also Escorted a Nurse and Baby The Restoration of a Dog Pronounced and Seasonable Yarns.

But There's an End to All Things, Col. North, the Nitrate King, Also The Carcass Was Laid on Earth and the Great Contest Will Soon Close.

The Fish Liked Strawberries.

One Summer, early in the forties, my father. who cultivated a strawberry patch on the edge of a stream which was full of hornpout, noticed that the berries were disappearing unusually fast. He watched night after night, but caught no thief, yet the berries were con but caught no thief, yet the berries were con-startly being stolen. One day a neighbor while cleaning a mess of hornpoint he had caught, found in each fish a quantity of strawberries. That night my father, with several neighbors, watched, each man having a dark-lantern. At a given signal they en-tered the patch, when a singular sight met their gaze. All the berries near the water had been picked, and to reach the others the fish showed great sagacity. They arranged themselves in tiera like a flight of stairs, and then a fish would reach the others the fish showed great sagneity. They arranged themselves in tiers like a flight of stairs, and then a fish would crawl up over his fellows, pick the fruit and eat it with appearent satisfaction. He would then take his place among the rest, and the next 'n order would climb up and get his berry, and so on till all were satisfied. The appearance of the people had no effect on them, and they kept right on as though they owned the place.

J. Z. R. owned the place.

A Shower of Fish

Two yea s ago this Fall, I was urged to go down to Rockford, a little town on the east fork of the White River. The fishing there was represented to be something extraordinary. The people were catching phenomenal quantities of fine black bass. The very day I got there the fishing entirely failed. It came about under peculiar circumstances. A heavy storm came up. The wind blew a hurricine. It was particularly severe a ong the ric.ne. It was particularly severe along the river. There was no rain, but the clouds swung low like big black balloons. They dipled down and ricocheted along on the river, scooping up great areas of water and then rising and sailing off northward. After that hurricans you couldn't get a nibble in the river. It seemed to have been

depopulated. I made my way up home and depopulated. I made my way up home and saw the next day in the papers that the community west of Mishawaka up on the St. Joe River was wild with excitement over an unaccountable abundance of bass in the river. I hurried up there and found the river almost choked up with the fish. I purchased a large quantity for the market. Scores of people laid in supplies of them. Barreis and barrels were saited down. Of course the cyclone bad bricked those fish up in Southern Indiana. had picked those fish up in Southern Indiana carried them in clouds nearly two hundred miles and dumped them down in the St. Joe. A few fish were found on the banks, and it was vaguely guessed by some that the fish had been rained down, but this is the first time the true explanation of the affair bas been given. Hoosier Finn.

While spending my vacation on Cape Cod I started out one morning on a little fishing excursion. I rowed my boat out into the middle of the lake, dropped my line, and after about an hour spent in waiting my patience was rewarded by a terrible pull at patience was rewarded by a terrible pull at my line. I at once commenced to play the fish, but found all endeavors to pull him in were unsuccessful: on the contrary, my boat began to drag her anchor. I immediately ent the line trom my pole, attached it to the forward seat of the boat, and was soon ploughing across the lake at a frightful rate of speed. Suddenly, as the boat gave a lurch to one side. I lost my balance and fell into the water. I at once struck out for the shore, which I soon gained, but on turning to see what progress my empty craft was making I was dismayed to find it nowhere in sight. In vain did I search the shores of the lake, but finally gave it up and returned the only explanation I can give is that it was drawn into one of the innumerable "such-holes," sc-called, and passed out through a subterranean passage into the sea. The only party who could wouch for the story, beside

myself, is now dead. Killed a Salmon with a Stone Charles A. Brown composed a party camped near the Columbia River for a week. They threw all leavings from the kitchen into the water, thus attracting great numbers of fish which, after a few days, became so thick they would fight and dash against the rocks in a wild effort to reach the scraps of food. Mr. Green threw a large stone where the fish were thickest, and was surprised to see One remain apparently stunned after the others scattered. With some difficulty and the aid of two long poles they got the fish ashore. It proved to be a large salmon, which weighed when cut up fifty-seven and three-quarter pounds. The head of the salmon was found to be badly bruised and the right eye knocked out where the rock struck it. The doctor dried the skin on the head and retains it as a souvenir. J. RICHARD CAMPBELL.

The Pickerel Was Frightened.

One Summer afternoon while out on the loke at Ramapo, N. Y., with a party from the hotel we saw a large fish jump clean out of the water, immediately followed by another equally as large. From the way the water splashed and boiled it seemed as though they were laying a three-minute Marquis of Queensbury battle. Somewhat excited, we hastily pulled to the spot and saw projecting from the water a large dorsal fin. On coming close enough I struck at the fish with an oar. It then made a fierce rush to escape, but being partly slunned by the blow it struck its head against the side of the boat and laid there quivering and trembling. I reached over, grabbing it quickly in the gills, landing it safely in the boat. It was a large pickerel, weighing 5½ pounds, 29 inches in length. The pursuing fish looked from the distance to be a monster black bass.

D. B. W. Suffern, N. Y.

Some One Else May Get It. I went fishing last Saturday to Seawarren, N. J., for weakfish. While fishing I hooked on something, and to my surprise when I pulled my line up I found a turtle weighing 130 pounds. I got him in the boat, took him home and put it in a swill-barrel, but seeing that it was dying. I put it in the North River. The allove facts are true and am able to swear to them.

G. MUHLENPYLE.

As Appropriate Catch.

Some weeks ago four young men went to Plentyville Lake, N. Y., for a day's trout fishing. Our guide related the following:

About this time last year, I was fishing at this same spot with a boy whom I hired to rapidly rebait my hooks, as I kept busy hauling in tive-pound trout every two minutes, so that in one hour I had just thirty fish weighing 150 pounds, an exploit never before heard of, but which can be vouched for by 150 of the residents here, who saw

for by 150 of the residents here, who may them the same evening, each paying 10 cents for the privilege, so tast I was in exactly 150 pounds of fish and \$15 cold cash."

Just as our guide finished his narrative be began actively hauling in his line and soon landed a large water rat. I can still hear the boys' trium; hant shout of 'rats!"

NOTABY PUBLIC.

Custom-House.

IZAAK'S RIVALS, MRS. LANGTRY SAILS. DOES IT KILL? GENERAL SPORTING NEWS. WEAKENING TRUST, RASH DOMINIE DREW. FROM SONG TO SIN.

Servia To-Day.

to the Boat Last Night!

Leaves Us for Europe.

At an early hour this morning the Servia, of the Cunard line, sailed from her dock at the foot of Clarkson street, bound for Liver-

She had several distinguished passengers aboard, among whom were Mrs. Lilly Laugtry.

At dusk, last evening, a carriage drove up to the edge of the pier where the Servia lay, avenue, is almost as romantic as the tale A coachman jumped off the box, turned the

A coachman jumped off the box, turned the handle and opened the door.

A gentleman stepped out of the carriage on to the dook and then turned and assisted a woman to step out.

The woman carried in her arms a baby.

The couple walked along under the covered pier to the gang-plank and then went aboard.

They were together but a short time, when the geutleman retraced his steps and left the steamer. He was tall and of athletic build and wore

He was tall and of annetic build and wore a black mustache.
According to the statement made by the Superintendent of the Cunard Steamship Company's dock the gentleman was no less a

personage than Freddy Gebhard.
At an early hour this morning another carriage drove up to the pier, carrying this time the same gentleman and a tall, fine looking vomen, who was instantly recognized as Mrs.

Langtry.

They boarded the vessel and were joined toon afterward by another gentleman. The three talked together until the steamer sailed.

Mrs. Langtry was evidently in good spirits, but I noticed that she did not look

spiris, but I noticed that she did not look very welt," said the superintendent this morning. 'Her skin was fair, but she looked a little pale, as though she had under-gone a severe fit of a ckness. "I was aboard of the vessel and had a chance to see her, in fact, had a short con-versation with her in regard to her state-rooms.

When the steamer was ready to leave the

"When the steamer was ready to leave the two gentlemen came ashore. No, I did not see the baby this morning, and I did not know, until you called my attention to it, that Mrs. Langtry's sister, Miss Jeanne Le Breton, was aboard," he concluded.

Mrs. Langtry has been sick at her Long Brauch cottage, and there have been alarming reports about a threat and nose trouble. She was afraid recently that she would be unable to go abroad this Summer, but she seems to have recovered sufficiently to carry out her desire. ut her desire. The Servia's passenger list makes no men-

ion of any infant. It simply gives the names of Mrs. Lillie Langtry and maid, Miss Jeanne Le Breton.
It was positively stated at Mrs. Lengtry's house at noon that Miss Le Breton did not

sail on the Servia. Among the other passengers who sailed on

ne Servia were: Col. North, the "Nitrate King," accompa-Col. North, the "Nitrate King," accompanied by his wife, son and daughter were also on board. Other passengers were Hon. J. C. Abbott. Dr. J. Glyn Allen, Hugh Arnold and wife, E. O. Bartlett, George W. Biddle, J. A. Butlerfield, Rev. F. M. Bristol, D. R. Bryce, H. W. Baldwin and wife, Capt. Brough, J. Gordon Brown, Dr. L. C. C. Bosher, Robert Bonner, Capt. Carwick, Rev. J. B. Clarkson, Dr. S. B. Childs, Stephen Condit, John J. Covington, wife and daughters, Dr. I. N. Danforth, Capt, C. Dupont, Dr. J. E. Donelson, E. Downing and wife, Prof. J. H. Deems Sister Jane Frances, Rev. M. J. Fleming, Gen. George H. Ford and wife, Dr. J. G. Fergnson, Pref. C. L. Free, J. S. Harvey and wife, T. C. Henry and wife, Col. John A. Holloway, H. C. Havennever, Gen. F., B. Jewett, Rev. Dr. S. V. Leech and wife, Lieut. T. S. Mumford and wife, Edward Noble and wife, Rev. C. K. Nelson and wife, Cien, W. J. Palmer, Duncan Ross, Dr. C. M. Shields, Dr. C. Tompkins and Dr. L. P. Walton, nied by his wife, son and daughter were also

FISHING WITH A RIFLE.

Exciting Sport May He Had Shooting the

Sea Otter la the Pacific. | From Forest and Stream |

Surf shooting is practised in Oregon and vicinity of and to the north of Gray's Harbor. Formerly all the shooting was done

had to be adopted.

The sea otter shooters of this coast devised The sea otter shooters of this coast devised the plan of building scaffolds in the water out beyond the surf from which to shoot. At the lowest tides in the Spring they plant firmly in the sand three or four long poles so that they shall form the angles of a triangle or of a square. These are braced by means of slats mailed from one to the other, which also form a ladder by which to ascend, and at the top of the poles a platform is built with sides and a roof, forming a sufficiently comfortable house, 40 feet above the water's surface. These shooting scaffolds, or as they are called locally, "derricks," give the otter shooter great advantage. In distance he gains 400 to 500 feet, while the elevation above the water greatly extends both his range of view and that of his rifle. In fair weather the shooter goes to his "derrick" before daylight in the morning and returns at night to the shore, but sometimes, when the tide is high and a heavy surf is rolling, it may be impossible for him to get to it for a week at a impossible for him to get to it for a week at a time, or he may be unable to reach the beach

or the same period.

The skill attained by these men in rifle shooting is something almost beyond belief. It will be readily understood that the head of It will be readily understood that the head of the sen ofter—the only part that is seen above the water—is a very small mark, certainly not more than three or four inches in diame-ter, and yet it is said these shooters not in-frequently kill at a distance of a thousand vards. Most of their shots are made at two hundred yards and over. They use heavy Sharp's rifles, fitted with telescopic sights,

and shoot always from a rest.

When the sea otter is killed it sinks at once, and it may be several days or a week before it rises to the surface and is brought by wind and current into shore. The bunters employ Indians to patrol the beach and secure the dead snimals, and in occasional instances where the otter does not sink dogs are employed to bring it to land. Owing to its exclusively marine habits and its great wariness, we may assume that it will be many years before the last sea ofter shall have been killed, but it must always be a very rare

Women Who Back Racehorses and Make Bir Bets at the Track-SUNDAY'S WORLD.

A School Collector's Accounts Short. NEWBURG, N. Y., July 13.—Wm. E. Purdy,

Republican School Collector for the town of Newburg, was arrested this morning for being short in his accounts. short in his accounts.
fits warrant for School District No. 9 called for \$1,300, which was collected.
His account is \$600 short.

Editor Bowen Thrown from His Carriage. PUTNAM, CORR., July 13.—Henry C. Bowen, editor of the Independent, was thrown from his carriage yesterday afternoon and received some severe brunes. A- he is seventy-six years old the shock is considered serious.

Dead After a Shock

Electricity.

and Signs of Life Appeared.

Were People Heretofore Supposed to Have Been Killed by Electricity Dead When Burled.

The story of the execution and return to life of M. Dash Tupper, dog, of 226 Eighth printed in The Evening World feuilleton some months ago of the execution of a murderer by electricity and his revivification.

And the involuntary submission of Mr. Oash Tuffer to the test at this opportune ime was, indeed, an offering to science which is now engaged in determining whether electrical execution of condemned murderers would be more humane and less parbarous than the time-honored hanging by

the neck till dead, dead, dead, The investigators appointed by Judge Day, of Auburn, to ascertain in behalf of William Kemmler, the Buffalo murderer, under sen-tence of death by electricity in Auburn Prison, whether electrical execution is feas-Prison, whether electrical execution is reas-able, have been told by a dozen electrical ex-perts, called as witnesses, that the exact resistance of human vitality to the shock of lectricity could not be determined. power of resistance widely varying in different At Edison's laboratory Charles F. Hatch

submitted to several tests, and it was shown that he had a resistance of 2,870 ohms to an electrode o by 4 inches in size and covered with felt three-eighths of an inch thick and saturated with salt water. But after a few trials his power of resistance fell to 8,170 Deputy Attorney-General Poste had a

resistance of 1,200 ohms to a four-volt cur-rent: Mr. Hatch, 1,300, and Mr. Wirt, 1,310 ohms, which throws distressing doubt upon the question of how much electricity will kill in any given case.

But the involuntary test submitted to by

Dash Tupper goes even further than these and leaves a startling proposition to be answered by the experts.

How is any one to know when the electrically executed murderer is dead ?

John S. Fretts, a foreman of the Western Inion Telegraph Company with four line-nen were at work in Fighth avenue on July 2. There was a daugling wire of the United States Illuminating Company which Fore-man Fretts had been assured was "dead" and perfectly harmless. It was destined to feed 124 electric lights in

Bayein's jewelry store. A score of people gathered to see the linemen at work, and among them was Charles Tupper, who keeps a restaurant at 226 Eighth avenue, just oppo-At 3 o'clock that afternoon three of the linemen picked up that "dead" wire and were instantly knocked down by a shock of elec-

tricity received through it.

Just at that moment Dash, a handsome, intelligent Newfoundland dog, ran across the street to his master. Mr. Tupper, with The Evening World in his mouth.

His course was across the wire and his fore

His course was across the wire and his fore paws touched it as he bounded along.

Instantly he gave an uncertilly yelp and leaping about four feet into the air, feil prone on his side upon the wire.

He did not move, and Mr. Tupper rushed to his assistance. But he was stopped by the lineman with the horrified warning:

"Don't touch him, He is dead, and so would you be if you touched him."

"Then I ask this officer to arrest you."

"Then I ask this officer to arrest you," said Mr. Tupper. "I must hold some one reaponsible for killing my dog."
Fretts was taken in by the copper, but was discharged in Jefferson Market Court next

day
The dog lay on the wire ten minutes, and
then Expressman Brewster threw his vest on
the ground, and, kneeling upon it, lassoed
Dash's hind leg with a dry cord and dragged

Dash's hind teg with a dry cord and dragged his body off the wire.

Then Mr. Tupner carried his dead pat—the only baby he and Mrs. Tupner possessed—into the kitchen of his restaurant. A veter-inary surgeon was called in and he pronounced life extinct after a careful examina-

tion.
There was grief in the Tupper hostelry. bor. Formerly all the shooting was done from the beach or from the bluffs, but as the otter became scarcer, increasingly wary, and so more difficult to obtain, other methods

There was grier in the Tupper Rosteiry.

An agent of an electric light company who had all but completed a contract for lighting Mr. Tup: er's restaurant saw his contract melting away, and he suggested making a pit in the earth and placing the body in it to pit in the earth and placing the body in it to see if the earth might not draw out the elec-tricity from the body. Without much hope Mr. Tupper did as he

was bid, and he and Mrs. Tupper watched in was tid, and he and airs. Lupper watched in sadness till after midnight.

Then they were rewarded by seeing a slight movement of a muscle in Dash's leg and his eyes opened, but were glassy.

All night and all next day the poor fellow

lay motionless, but on the day following he became conscious, and after a little, struggled to his feet, a live dog again, but very stiff and weak.

and weak.

Tender nursing by Mrs. Tupper, who lavishes much affection upon the noble fellow, brought him around and an Evenino World reporter interviewed him this morn. ing.

Dash is two and a half years old and weighs sixty-eight pounds. He is a beauti-ful dog, kind and affectionate. He used to be playful, but his electrical execution has

mede him soler and melancholy.

He probably feels like the man who had been hanged and cut down, whose troubles been hauged and cut down, whose troubles Charles Lamb delimates.

The wire left cruel marks upon poor Dash.

burning away the hair and into the flesh almost an inch deep just to the lett of the nose, on the left foreleg and again at the left hip, showing where the wire had been in Contact, One effect of the test was that Mr. Tupper

One effect of the test was that Mr. Tupper wouldn't have the electric lights in his restaurant for a cool \$1,000.

But there is another point suggested:
If this four-footed subject, dead by electrical execution, was revived by the earth's forces, why might not the executed felon dead in his grave, receive life again in the same names over to available to rectain the same manner, only to awaken to meet a more

horrible death than was ever suffered by strangulation on the gallows? And the agenizing thought must come to those who mourn the death of dear ones during the past two years through their having come in contact with daugling wires "might not their lives, too, have been restored by partial enearthing?"

Foreman Fretts told Mr. Tupper that the

current which massed for ten minutes through the body of Dash was strong enough to kill any non. The voterinary surgeon said Dash was dead. Dead as a door nail, the most defunct thing in iron mongery. But Dash fives. Does electricity kill?

No Satisfaction.

Famous Romances Will Eagerly Read A. M. "Blind Love, His Last Story, in the SUN-

WHAT OUR PROMINENT ATHLETES ARE DOING AND SAYING.

Charley Mitchell Accused of Treachery to Kilrain-Luther Carey Entered In Between Jack Fallon and the St. Jos Kid-The Y. M. C. A. Athletic Meeting.

From the testimony of both Sullivan and Kilrain men who were present at the great fight, it would appear that that wity Englishman, Charley Mitchell, compassed Kilrain's defeat quite as much as the Boston slugger. If the stories told are true, and there seems no reason at all to doubt them, as they are al alike, Mitchell was treacherous and mean to a degree that seems incomprehensible.

Still more incomprehensible, however, is Kılrain's great friendship for a man who treats him as Mitchell is said to have done all through the term of training—if poor Jake can be said to have had any training.

That energetic mile walker, W. H. Burk. hart, is also an expert natatorial artist, spends a good deal of time in the water. the way, why not get up a championship swimming race for handsome prizes? Certainly such a competition would be season able and it ought to be interesting.

Eastern sprinters have a formidable rival in Luther Carey, of Chicago. His record for the 100 yards is 10 seconds. He announces that he intends competing in the champion-ship meeting of the A. A. U. Sept. 14. so Easterners will have a chance to see his wonderful powers.

The South and California seem to be monopolizing fistic encounters. There is substantial talk of a match between the Brooklyn Strong Boy, Jack Falion, and the St. Joe Kid for \$2,500 a side, the battle to occur in the neighborhood of New Orleans. There is likely to be a meeting. The annual championship athletic meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association will occur Sept. 14. Mott Haven will be the scene of the contests, of which there is the

usual full list of events.

That long-talked-of meeting at the Troy Cribb Club between Upham and Bosworth may take place some day. It looks decidedly as if it would when such an energetic manager as it would when such an energetic manager as Steve O'Donnell takes the matter in hand. The Troy Club have delegated him to ar-range the match. . . .

Among the athletes who will compete today in the Cape May Athletic Club games
appear such notable names as W. C. Dohm,
the Princeton racer, who, however, enters
from the New York Athletic Club; J. P. Lee,
of Harvard, also an N. Y. A. C. man, and C.
H. Sherrill, of Yale. The 100-yard dash will
probably go to one of these, Sherrill presumabity. All three are also entered in the 220
yards and Downs, the Harvard runner, in the
quarter mile. It looks as it some of the men
were trying to do too much.

When Jimmy Carroll and Joe Ellingsworth When Jimmy Carroll and Joe Ellingsworth have fought their little fight at the Southern California Athletic Club, the winner is to fight the winner of the La Blanche-Dempsey battle. Then, so the gossips say, Denny Kelliher is to do battle with the winner of this last mill. If this programme is carried out, Kelliher, certainly, will have no "snap."

In order to satisfy numerous requests the measurements of Kilrain and Sullivan are given herewith: Kilrain, when in good health, hot in training, height 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 230 pounds; chest, 42 inches; biceps, 16 inches; forearm, 14 inches; waist 34 inches; thigh, 25 inches; calf, 17 inches. Sullivan, when in best lighting condition. 5 feet 10'4 inches in height; weight, 190 pounds; chest, 44 inches; biceps, 16'4 inches; calf, 15'5 inches; thigh, 27 luches.

All Readers of Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Stories Will Read" Blind Love." His Lates: Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD,

Say, My Friend, My Income Is \$10,000 a Year. What Is Yours?" Coffee Pat Dolan is known to every how

and man who has frequented Park Row any time the past twenty years, and an average of 1,600 men enjoy a banquet of beef and beans, butter cakes and coffee, or boiled eggs at his little place every day in the blessed year. The place is hardly big enough to swing a

cat in, but Pat Dolan has been there a quarter of a century, and has amassed a fortune in the little place and has waxed old. in the little place and has waxed old.

For two years the old gentleman's health
has been very poor and his faithful nephew,
John Mechan, was given a half-interest in
the business and he, too, is growing a bank

account more plethoric than his own waist out.

Mr. Dolan was down to the little lunchroom from his untown residence yesterday
for the first time in many months. He sat,
weak and weary, by the first table, when a
loquacious acquaintance entered and took
the opposite stool.

The new-comer was a seedy individual

more strongly addicted to the cup than to hard work, and though the old gentleman is usually very affable and gentle, he grew tired and impatient with his friend, who offered

him some gratuitous advice.
"Look here, old man," said the luncher, "Look here, old man," said the luncher, confidentially, "you ought to buy this corner and spread out your business. A man who has displayed such a knack of fixing up just the stuff that everybody around here wants could coin money if he had plenty of room. You ought not to be so darn close. You ought to be ashamed to be doing business in a little hote-in-the-wall like this. You ought to have table cloths and set on a regu-lar restaurant bill of fare. Clean out that back kitchen, put the cook-room in the base-

ment and -- "
"Say, my friend," broke in the sick man, desperately: "my income is \$10,000 a year what's yours?" The seedy advisor heard the laugh of those

The seedy advisor nears the magn of those at the table near him, publed his slouch hat down tight and made a rush for the door. But not so quickly but that "Nephew" caught him on the wing and made him disgorge for the lunch he had eaten.

"Most any man can run somebody else's

business better than somebody else can," re-marked Pat Dolan, and he laid his head back against the wall wearily, closed his eyes and thought.

Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story, Blind Love." Now Opening in the SUN-DAY WORLD.

Coming Events.

G. P. Puttiam's Sons employees' excursion to Idlewild Grave. Boat leaves East Twenty-third street at 1,30 o'clock this afternoon. Charles Link, ir., Association's private pienic, Urbach's Morrisania Park, July 16. Knights of Pleasure annual basket party Dengler's Park, Woostside, L. J., July 21. Benevolent Society La America, afternoon and evening pionic, Washington Park, July 22, United Brethren Benefit Society anniversary lenic, Bay View Park, Brooklyn, July 22. Afternoon and evening picnic of the H. O. G. S., Lion Park, this afternoon. Diner—What kind of soup is this, watter?
Sambo—Dunno, sah!
Diner—I asked for consomme, but heaven only knows what you have brought me.
Sambo—Why don't ye arsk heaben den, sah?

Everybody Who Eujoys Wilkie Collins's
Famous Romances Will Eagerly Read

S. Lion Park, this afternoon.
S. Jacoby & Co.'s employes, afternoon and evening festival, Sultzer's Harlem River Park, this afternoon.
Polar Star Lodge, annual excursion, Grand View Park, July 16, Centennial of the French Revolution, Jones's Wood Colosseum, July 14 and 15.
Raymond Litterary and Social Society, annual election and garden party, Huguenot Grove, July 21. Meet at Staten Island Ferry 8:30 o'clock

Iron for the Blood, Sleep for the Nerves ength for the body, by using Canten's Inon Pills. I in one piece.

Market Value.

This Looks as Though It Had Received a Hard Blow.

The Attorney General Waiting an Opportunity to Strike Again,

The fight against Trusts is still being pushed, and encouraging results are already noticeable. Not only the Sugar Trust, but the Lead Trust, the Cotton Oil Trust and all the others are beginning to feel the impending danger.

The Sugar Trust made; the enormous profit " of \$8,230,000 in the first five months of the year, and that fact led speculators to put their money in Sugar Trust certificates.

Now a great many of them are auxious to sell, but the auotation on them has declined so much since they bought that to sell means loss of many thousands of dollars. Whother it was Judge Daniels's adverse de

cision in the Sugar Trust case, or the refusal of the English bankers to accept sugar as collateral security, the quo ations on all Frust certificates (particularly Sugar Trust)

have greatly fallen.

No sooner had the market opened yesterday before a wild onslaught was made on the Trusts. There was very little trading done in railroad stocks, the only object of the brokers seeming to be to sell out before the quotation got away down.

brokers seeming to be to sell out before the quotation got away down.

Sngar Trust certificates closed Thursday night at 115/4, but yesterday the price had dropped to 108/4, closing at 109.

This is good news to the people who earn their living by honest toil. It looks as though there might soon be an end to the unlawful combination, and consumers of sugar wond not be compelled to pay a tax on that article that is nothing short of robbery. that article that is nothing short of robbery.

As soon as the courts decide on the appeni
from Judge Barreit's decision in the case of
the North River Sugar Hefning Company,
the Attorney-General will immediately bring suits against other firms which form a part of

There is a strong rumor that the Straw Board Trust has been broken within the last few days, the price of straw boards having

The pool was formed live years ago by the mills in New York, Massachusetts and the West, and the price was steadily increased to \$30 per ton. The paper-box manufacturers offered to compromise the troubles, but their offer was ejected. The Trust then made their com-bination more fron coad, and closed all the small mills under their control, the owners

small mills under their control, the owners being paid a certain percentage of the profits from the other concerns.

The price steadily advanced until on July 1 it had reached \$45 per ton. About this time the paper-lox mannfacturers held a secret meeting and resolved that as business was dull they would decline to make contracts and pay Trust prices.

The action came to the knowledge of the Trust and a certain manufacturer offered to make a small reduction. Then there was a general panic among the Trust people, and now straw boards can be obtained for from \$30 to \$15 per ton.

\$30 to \$15 per ton.

This is but an instance of the fate that will sconer or later overtake all illegal combinations to increase prices beyond all reasona-Everybody Who Enjoys Wilkie Collins's

Famous Romances Will Eagerly Read Blind Love," His Last Story, in the SUN-

Both Black Silk. Liron the Outstreet



Mr. D'Angler A man who catches fish

Mr. D'Ang. when he goes fishing. A Juvenile Taste Explained. Little Boy Our cook has gone away, and

I'm awful glad. Now mamma will have to make the cake, and mamma's cake is always Guest-Well, I declare! Do you prefer heavy cake? Little Boy Yes'm. You get more chewin'

Sugar Certificates Rapidly Declining in He Insults the Women of His Parish The Sad Downfall of a Pretty Opera from the Pulpit.

> And Has Been Forced to Flee from a Congregation's Wrath.

Circumstances that Greatly Excite the lowan Town of Leclaire.

ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLS, I DAVENPORT, In., July 13.- Leclaire, a small town a dozen miles from here, is in a great state of excitement just now over the action of a young Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Monroe Drew, who came to that place from Chicago a little over four mouths ago.

On Sunday night last the preacher's little church was crowded to its utmost capacity. the congregation being for the most part

His sermons always hordered on the sensa. tional and his favorite subject seemed to be the morality of the sexes. The spiciness which he injected into his sermons was sufficient to crowd the church every Sunday On this Sabbath evening the preacher launched out in an attack on feminine virtues. He said many things which caused the women in the congregation to stare at him amazed and wonder what in the world be meant. Finally the young preacher, in the excess of his cuthus and delivered the following sentence with telling effect:

"There is not a virtuous woman between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five to be found in this village."

As can be masgined, the wildest kind of a scene ensuel.

scene ensued.

Women screamed and fainted, while men sat speechless with rage at the fearful charge of the minister.

The sermon stopped abrubtly and the

furious parishion is gathered around the minister and asked him him to retract. He reluced. Next day he was visited by thirty young ladies of determined men. "We demand that you make public retraction of the insult you put upon the women of this town lost night," said the leader of the committee, a tall handsoms brunette, with a determined look in her flashing black

The young preacher was decidedly discon-The young preacher was decidedly disconcerted at this aggregation of indignant females and humaning and having a white said:

"Why, of course if I've said anything to displease you, ladies, I apologize for it."

"We demand that you apologize from the pulpit," again spoke the lad es.

Mr. Drew saw they were in earnest and that that he was in a picker.

Mr. Drew saw they were in earnest and that that he was in a pickle. He half promised to do it, but it was only to gain time, for ke skipped out of town the next day.

A mass meeting was held last night in the argest hall the town affords

argest half the town affords.
Justice R. A. Edwards presided and Miss
Belle Horton was secretary.
The meeting was but while it lasted and the
young minister, had be been there, would have heard enough to confirm his suspicion that Leclaire had become an unhealthy place for him. A committee consisting of two men and

three women, all married, submitted a report in which they stated that they believed the young ladles of the place to possess the highest and purest characters.

It further denounced the preacher and demanded that the trustees of the church im-

mediately discharge Mr. Drew.
All other Fresbyterian Churches are to be warned against employing Mr. Drew, and the town is in a high state of excitement. Mr. Drew showed good sense in leaving town as he did, for had he remained until now he would probably have left it in another way—on a rail and comfortably dressed in tar and feathers.

THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

LIST OF ATTRACTIONS TO BE PRESENTED

BY THE MANAGERS,

Monday night "The White Elephant" wil make its initial bow to the public at the Bijon Theatre. Mr. Fowler, the author, has conceived the idea of having a young playwright write a comic opera, the title of which is White Elephant." This young man, who is newly wedded, conceals his profession from his wife and her relatives. He takes into his confidence Elder Tottles, and they go into part-nership to produce the opers. While at a dress

The day before a duel. "I assure you, sir, that I mean business,

ir."

'And I, too, sir."

'There will be at least one corpse, sir."

'I quite agree with you, sir."

'And it won't be mine, sir!" Third instalment of" Blind Love." Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Romance, in the SUN-

Perle Morris, the Wayward Daughter of a Los Angeles Merchant.

Singer at Boston.

Ruined in Fame and Name and Under Arrest for Fraud.

INITICIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, I Boston, July 13. - A bandsome little Callfornia girl, eighteen years old, was brought into Police Headquarters early this morning by Inspectors Glidden and McCausland.

The officers bad taken her from a house of questionable repute at 230 Shawmut avenue. The little woman gave her name as Perle Morris and her home as Los Angeles, Cal. She was charged with having razzle-dazzled Tilly Haynes, the proprietor of the United

Up to last Fall the girl lived with her father in Los Angeles, where he is a successful business man. There she received the best education that could be obtained in the place, and was a general social favorite. She was fond of the stage, could recite ex-

ceedingly well, and to perfect her education

States Hotel, out of a board bill of \$306.89.

cedingly well, and to perfect her education in this respect she was sent to a school of elocution in New York City last Fall.

There her father sent her a remittance of \$15 every week, but the little branchte become stage struck, and during the Winter, obtaining a minor part in Lew Morrison's "Faust" company, she ran away from school to go on the roal with the show.

During the season Morrison played a week at the Boston Theatre. After the company left here Perle remained, and with a maid went to the United States Hotel, where she

left here Perie remained, and with a maid went to the United States Hotel, where she took a suit of rooms during the early part of At the end of the week she had captivated every one about the hotel with her lady-like manner. Her deportment was nerfect and she had the best that the hotel could afford. When the bill was presented to her she ex-plained that she was awaiting a remittance from her father in Los Algeles, and she did it so nicely that the payment of the bill was

not pressed,
But the remittance did not come, and
when in May the same story was repeated the
clerks and the hotel proprietor became nervous. Farly in June the officials at the hotel were

early in June the officials at the notel were obliged to tell the dashing girl that her suite was engaged shead and that it would be necessary for her to vacate.

Every week that she remained in the house her tastes became more and more expensive, and carriages and extras were ordered regardless of expense. Her wardrobe was magnificent, her behav-

ior about the total above suspicion, and she made a large number of friends with her pretty face, nice manners and conversation. The change when she left the hotel was a great one.
Discarding her maid and hotel luxuries she Discarding her maid and notes that house went to live at the Shawmut avenue house and plunged into the fastest of the demimonde life of Reston.

Shortly after she left the hotel the propries the lefter from Perle Morris's

tor received a letter from Perle Morris's father, to whom he had written, in which he stated be would pay no bills that she might with this letter in his hands Mr. Haynes pegan his action.
The girl was very cool and self-possessed o-day.

knowing that her bill would never be settled, and said she had given no thought to the con-Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story, Blind Love," Now Opening in the SUN-

She admitted that she went to the hotel

Three Rebellions a Day.

Three repellions, obstingte, though bloodless occur in the stomach of the dyspeptic who partakes of food thrice a day. The digestive organ refuses on each and trouble ensure. How discipline, how regulate it! Simply with a wineglassful of the gental invigorant and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, before each meal and before retiring. Digestion will, after a course of this pleasant regulator, become easy, and its forerunner, appetite, also improve. Nervousness and insomnia, and bilionshoes, ite usual attendants, also take their leave. Not only will the system acquire strength, but area substance by a more perfect assimilation of the food. Rhenmatism, imilarial and kidney complaint and neuralgia yield to the Bitters.

BUSINESS NOTICES. WHEN THE HEAD FEELS DULL AND theary, the skin appears sallow and gree v. and the conscherious fred, take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Dou't forget this.

PH.LS. DON'T forget this.

WHY NOT MAKE IT YOURSELF ? YOU PAY
10 counts a man't for Boot Boot! A Cae, bottle of
KNAPP'S ROOT BEER EXTRACT makes 10 gallons. MARINE AND FIELD GLASSES, ICE

AMUSEMENTS.

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